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### WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1872.

## WHOLE NUMBER, 781.

## Choice Loetry.

american Barriotte

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn subiline.
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And beard it's voice in living thunder—
Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers, and sung in story—
For which, when thinking was a crime.
Souls leapt to heaven from scafiolds gory!
They passed, nor see the work they wrought.
Nor the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom—
All is coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age.
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the flutre a page.
To our humanity more truthful!
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of "brother."
And time comes when brain-scorpion words.
We shall not speak to sting each other—
"Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside, thou world wide curse, called King!
The people's step is quicker, stronger.
There's a Divinity within,
That makes men great whene er they will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time coment to receal it—
The coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves—
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;
And, though doomed millions feed the graves
Dug by Death's facer, red-handed reapers,
The world shall not forever how
To things which mock God's own endeavor;
This nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreathe the sword forever—
This coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Praternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream.
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeling:
Then shall unfold our better part.
And in our life-cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart.
And Love's own world with smiles more
"Tis coming! yes, 'ils coming!

Av. it must come! The tyrant's throne is crumbding, with our hot tears rusted. The sword earth's mighty have leant on. Is cankered, with our heart's blood crusted. Room! for the men of mind make way! Ye robber rulers, pause no longer; Ye cannot stay the opening day.

The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—The people's advent's coming!

# Select Story.

## THE HIDDEN CLOSET.

In the year 18-. John Smith (I use fictitions names) was indicted for the willful murder of dlenry Thompson. The case was one of a most Henry Thompson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate. A person, supposed to be an extire stranger to him, had, late in a Summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that tornose, he was found in his bed perfect. for that purpose, he was found in his bed perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of vio-

Days and weeks passed on, and little further Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time, rumor had not been idle. Suspicious, vague, indeed, and undefined, were at first whispered and afterward boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicious was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another; but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger; and, in fine, the magistrates were induced to commit Mr. Smith to jail to take his trial for the willful maybe of these to take his trial for the willful murder of Henry Thompson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place was that which I have here narrated. Such was the state of things upon the morning of the

trial.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the Grand Jury upon the subject of this murder, excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to insure a conviction, to throw out the bill: explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehen-ded and tried for the offense, whereas, if they found a true bill, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could nev-er again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morrally as clear as night. er again of morester, even and a schar as night. The Grand Jury, after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumored, by a majority of only one, returned a true bill. After the charge, it was conjectured that the proofs offered to the Grand Jury must have been strong to authorize such a finding; and a strong impression in consequence prevailed that there would ultimately be a conviction.

that there would ultimately be a conviction.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box; he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge

treated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone.

It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by poison—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operations, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose.

The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a honsekeeper, and one man-servant. The manservant slept in an outhouse adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put into a room adjoining the housekeeper's.

the housekeeper at the count adjoining the househad been put into a room adjoining the househad been put into a room adjoining the househad to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very nnusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state most positively that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept to the housekeeper's room; that two persons then came out of the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared far a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thompson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrate had committed Smith; and singularly enough, since his committal the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined, and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had steod on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to assert, when the light disappeared, whether the partice had gone into Thompson's noom. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over

Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part, and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more, (said the learned counsel,) and he had done his duty; it would be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English mannfacture, and was described by the medical men as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the connsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice, only, did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of the housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip: and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution; if amounted in substance to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the

chart was given for the prosecution; if amounted in substance to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even knowledge.

When the case was closed, the learned judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defense; and if the jury were of the opinion, they would at once stop the case. I pon this observation from the judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He arged the jury to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfell, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely because the evidence was not conclusive, and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds—upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime.

Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and be asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, mest solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and be asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce apon an im

the bed-room of his housekeeper on the night in question.

He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and There was not the slightest mark of vio-on his person, and the countenance re-the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room for a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her,
and retired again to bed, from which he had not
risen when he was informed of the death of his
guest. It had been said that, after his committal
to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He
avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if
possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought
it probable that they might tamper with his servant; he had, therefore, kept her out of the way;
but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the
care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear
for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was
concerned, the statement which he had just made.
Such was the prisoner's address, which producafter she had remained in his room for a few min

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave it an appearance of trath. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from our could be a seconding to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance: she might be about thirty-five, or a little more, with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story he had teld of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and had been awakened by the man servant in the morning with an account of the traveler's death.

room, and had been awakened by the man servant in the morning with an account of the traveler's death.

She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here that which, though not known to me till afterward, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene: The counsel for prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstances mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the house-keeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he half persuaded himself that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared.

His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so, also, and by that means draw forth all she knew. After some unimportant questions, he asked her in a tone, and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust:

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room. cite distrust:

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room!—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened once, or twice, while it stood there!

—A pause: no answer.

I will call it to your recollection. After Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open 1—He

shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forgot whether you said the closet was on the right or left hand side of the window!—The left. Would the door of the closet make any noise in

this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervence between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light.

Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part, and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more, (said the learned counselved in adding a new featured with the light and the window itself, and which he described by saying. It appeared as if a door had been placed before the light.

Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part, and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the housekeeper hers in the witness box; the housekeeper hers in the

JETT HERE

place, lest, during his absence, it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness: I have a very few more questions to ask you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life depends upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper !--! do.

To whom does it belong!—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last!—On the night of Mr. Thompson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table, in sight of the prisoner and the witnesses, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the minds of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

moment not a doubt remained in the minds of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment.

part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment.

Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thompson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and, to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thompson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the perhaps, unparalleled in-

are I nompson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight, as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquital; but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, convicted and executed.

# Miscellany.

THE IVY GREEN.

BY CHARLES DICKERS.

O. a dainty plant is the Ivy Green. O. a dainty plant is the Lvy Green.
That creepeth o're ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween.
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed.
To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen.
A rure old plant is the Lvy Green.

Fast he stealeth, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
'Bo his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along for ground,
And his leaves he gently waves:
And he joyoftsly twines and large around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Lvy Green.

Whole ages have fied, and their works decayed, And nations have scattered been: But the stont old Ivy shall never fade From its kale and hearty green. The brave old plant, in its ionely days, Shall fatten more the nast

For the statelless building man can raise, Is the Ivy's food at last. Creeping where no life is seen. A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. BY COL. J. W. FORNEY.

Philadelphia was honored by a national convention in the shape of the Colonial Congress which, ninety-six years ago next 4th of July, proclaimed American independence. The body which is to assemble at the Academy of Music Wednesclaimed American independence. The body which is to assemble at the Academy of Music Wednesday, June 5th, will be one of the only three that gave practical expression to the ideas of the Declaration. While slavery existed, no national convention of any party could consistently plead for freedom. And as the years rolled on, the fetters of the bondmen were more closely riveted and the chains of the political leaders made heavier. Now all is in harmony with the protest and prophecy of Thomas Jefferson and his compatriots. Thousands will be present who never saw Philadelphia; and if they will trace the growth of their conntry in the growth of the City of Brotherly Love, they will study American history on the spot where American liberty was born. They will see the places described by Franklin in his incomparable, antobiography. They will be taken to the spot where he was buried. They will realize where John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, Andrew Jackson, Delegates or Senators in Congress, Cabinet Ministers, financiers, &c., lived in those trying times; and as they follow up the progress of events from their source, they will better understand why Presisoners or Senators in Congress, Cabinet Ministers, financiers, &c., lived in those trying times; and as they follow up the progress of events from their source, they will better understand why President Grant is to-day the strongest public man in America. Disconnted by the accidents, and, if you please, by the errors of all men in his position, you will find the great fact remaining, that he is the only man who ever had the full opportunity, and seized that opportunity boldly, to prove his levotion to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Without anything like a party record, and without the slightest pretension, he has grasped the whole situation, with all its obligations, and has been as true to advanced Republican doctrines, as these have been crystalized by experience, as if he had made that species of philosophy a study. The danger has always been that those earliest in defending great truths become hypercritical as they grow old. Grant's rare merit is that he accepts a fact proved by trial, and incorporates it into his administration. In this respect he resembles George Washington. Washington never was a political experimenter. He never reveled in theories. He was not carried away by visionary hopes of human perfectibility. He wrote little and spoke less. And yet, as President, he executed the laws, kept the peace between Hamilton and Jefferson, bore with the ecceutricities of John Adams, and never lost his temper when Thomas Paine and Philip Frenan hurled their bitterest shafts against his private character. I need not claborate the parallel. You have Grant before you, and can do it without my aid.

Twenty-four hundred years of human effort,

character. I need not claborate the paranet. You have Grant before you, and can do it without my aid.

Twenty-four hundred years of human effort, revolution, and ambition may be studied in the remains of ancient and the triumphs of modern Rome. With the torch of our new intelligence we light up and restore the memories of those almost forgotten centuries. "A railroad to Pompeil." says that fascinating writer, George S. Hillard, of Boston, in his charming book, "Six Mouths in Italy." "It seemed appropriate to be transported from the living and smiling present to the heart of the dead past by the swiftest and most powerful wings that modern invention has furnished." Our one century of government discloses wonders and trophies of another kind. The world has gone forward with the speed of magic, and as we turn back for a moment to contemplate what has been done in that cycle, what better aid could we have to illuminate our path, than the living lessons of the city of Philadelphia, as tangint by the men of the Revolution, whose posterity can even yet recall their features, and rejoice with us among the magnificent harvest of the seed which they planted ninety-six years ago f

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the keys?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith, always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes toward the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold, damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its color; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she

# PRIVATE HABITS OF HORACE GREE-LEY-AS OBSERVED IN 1867 BY MARK TWAIN.

An intimate acquaintance with a distant relative of the editor of the Tribuse puts in my power to farnish the public with the last—positively the very last link necessary to perfect the chain of knowledge already in its possession concerning Mr. Greeley: I mean his private habits. We know all about him as regards every other department of his life and services. Because, whenever a magazinist or a bookmaker is employed to write, and cannot think of a subject, he writes about Horace Greeley. Even the boys in the schools have quit building inspired "compositions" on "The Horse," and have gone to doing Horace Greeley instead; and when slectamation day comes round, their voices are no longer "still for war" and Patrick Henry, but for peace and Horace Greeley instead; and when slectamation day comes round, their voices are no longer "still for war" and Patrick Henry, but for peace and Horace Greeley. Now, the natural result of all this is that the public have come at last to think that this man has no life but public life, no nature but a public nature, no habits but public habits. This is all wrong. Mr. Greeley has a private life. Mr. Greeley has private habits.

Mr. Greeley gets up at three o'clock in the morning, for it is one of his maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He them wakes up all the household and assembles them in the library by candlelight; and, after quoting the beautiful lines,

Early to bed and early to rise.

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes

The late Dr. Marshall Hall, of England, said:
"If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except in rainy weather or inidwinter, the. I would sleep in an unplastered log house. Physic has no nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure yon, monkey capers in a gymnasium can not cure yon, and stimulants can not cure. What consumptives want is pure air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—plenty of meat and bread."

## THE CROOKED FOOTPATH. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Ah. here it is! the sliding rall That marks the old remembered spot— The gap that struck our schoolboy trail— The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A penciled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan; With frequent bends to left or right, In similess, wayward curves it ran, But always kept the door in eight.

The gabled porch, with woodhine green— The broken millstone at the aill— Though many a rood might stretch between. The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie— No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown— And yet it winds, we know not why. And turns as if for tree or store.

Perhaps some lover trod the way, With shaking knees and leaping heart— And so it often runs astray. With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain, From some unboly banquet recled— And since, our devious steps maintain His track across the trodden field. Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will Could ever trace a faultless line; Our truest steps are human still— To walk unawerving were divine!

The company of the co

The late Dr. Marshall Hall, of England, said:

If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live and of doors day and night, except in raisy weather of midwinter, the. I would sleep in an unplastered log house. Physic has no natriment, gaspings for air cannot cure yon, monkey capers in a gymnasium can not cure yon, and stimulants can not cure. What consumptives want is pure air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—plenty of meal and bread."

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a philosopher, "I consfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shably hat and clook, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim in adoration. So, if my hat and clook, which is alter date than that of the kings of July 1975. The sharin weighed fifty-eight onnees. Daniel Webster's weighed but fifty-three onnees and a half. The Great Capier had except that the state is the low of brain was executed at Binghamton last spring, had fifty-size ounces of brain. Pfillobary & Commercial.

In the content of the content of the substance of the many three sharing and the parent was a secured at the state is the state in the stift is not myself that he slights, but my old and shably hat and clook, which is say the truth have no particular claim in case with the well-known caveras; it is the state of the parent wall of the city, a little cast of the Damasca of the case of the c

THE fact that an Englishman recently came all the way from London to drown himself at Ningara Falls illustrates the superior advantages possessed by this country over all others. If a man must drown himself, let him exhibit some style and taste in the performance.

Since the prohibition of ale and beer in Massachusetts, a new tonic has been discovered which is imported from the prolific land of Connecticut. It is called medicated eider, and the prohibition of the enemy. In a regard it as no weak invention of the enemy.

Prof. McCor, of Chicago, has written a lecture, in which he undertakes to show that Shakapere drew some of his ment, calculated literary hour.

Agassir has discovered a fish that builds a next, the horse that chimbs a tree, the horse that the first day, at \$1.50.

The wan who quit chewing tobacco the other day, on the score of connour, foots up his bill for camonile, spruce gam, peannts, licerice, and manner. The widow of a man named Fardela, hung for camonile, spruce gam, peannts, licerice, and manner.

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The wan who quit chewing tobacco, and the would fardels bear?

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## MRS. GREELEY.

Philosopher's Wife who has Her Opinion of the Men-The Domestic Economy of the Chappanum Household.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Post.]

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New York, June 1.

Yesterday I met a lady friend who is intimately acquainted with Mrs. Greeley. The wife of the perhaps next President is now in Europe with her two daughters—most kind and anniable young ladies. As Mrs. Greeley may yet be our next Republican Queen, incidents which would otherwise be sacred from the journalistic pen, now become the inheritance of the poople, whose servants we journalists are.

The wife of a future President who is to receive the nation's guests in the White Holle is a legitimate subject of discussion, and Mrs. Greeley now stands before the public no more sacred than Mrs. Great, or no more sacred than were Harriet Lane or Mrs. Linculn. The Queen and her household are legitimate themes for the Court Journal.

Mrs. Greeley is somewant older than her husband, who was sixty-one on the 3d of last February. She is described as once having been quite beautiful. For years she has been an invalid, with intermittent spells of love and kindness to ward her husband, and then showing long seasons of eccentric stoicism, ingratitude, and even tyranny.

"What has caused this unevenness in her tone."

of eccentric stoicism, ingratitude, and even tyramy.

"What has caused this unevenness in her temper!" I asked my haly friend, who knew Mrs. Greeley intimately.

"Well, she was born in the ordinary walks of life. Her mind is strong and without culture. Sickness has broken her constitution, and she is governed entirely by impulse. We all consider her a little insane. She was formerly accustomed to occupation, and even to hard work, as a mother and head of a family; but of late years Mr. Greeley's financial position prevents the necessity of labor on her part, and her mind has become uneven and her temperament spasmodic."

"How did she use to he?"

"She was much better smited to Mr. Greeley years ago than now. Then she entered into all

speciacle.

A correspondent wants to know "how we would break an ox." says a cotemporary editor. If only one ox, a good way would be to heist him be by means of a long chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground.

Then hoist him by a rope tied to his borns, to another pole. Then descend on to his back a five ton pile driver, and if that don't break him, let him start a country newspaper and trust people for subscription.

The man who quit chart.

LOOKING BACK.

Bave you forgotten the breezy down.

Where the lights and shadows play?
And the purple bare of the distant hills.

Lying westward far awat?

How the tinkling chime of the church-belle or

Over the slopes of the thymy turf?

And the wind in the forest trees below.

Made a sound like ocean surf!

Have you forgotten the winding road.
All bathed in the dreamy light.
That shines on an Autumn afternoon.
When the days are calm and bright?
When the forsid richness of the Sumuelt.
Had fashed from earth and sky.
And the year grew old with a gracious a
Like a saint prepared to dief

Have you forgotten the vine-wreathed porch
Of the little cortage door?
And the palmy days of your bappy youth—
The days that return no more?
When the rusting beaves of the garden flowers
Were hushed by the monheath a spell.
And you lingered to whisper those parting words.
That I have remembered well?

Hayn you forgotten? I still believe You think of that pleasant past. And your heart torns back to the quiet scenes, Enchanged since you saw them hat! God grant that the close of your rectices life Grow calm ere its wanderings cease. And the better feelings of early years Return like the voice of peace.

IT HAS long been thought that the famous "Kingdom of Cibola," for which Coronado and De Soto sought from different directions, was situated in Arizona, and that many of the precious stones found among the Mexicans in the time of Cortez came from that region. A few rubies of an inferior quality were found in Arizona some years ago by Kit Carson's men, and now the San Francisco Balletis tells a story of a party of explorers who found among the ant hills of that Tetritory some bright stones which took their fancy, and several of which they brought away. The finest of these was about the size of a chest-nut, and its owner, imaging that it might possibly be a diamond, determined to test it by a process that somebody had told him it was infallible. So he placed the stone on at anvil, precured an enormous sledge, and with one terrifie blow shattered both the sparkling stone and his bright expectations. But another of the party, more wise, sent one of the smaller stones to Boston, where it was cut by a lapidary and then returned to San Francisco, certified to be a brilliant of the parest water, worth from \$360 to \$400. A Montgomery street jeweller to whom the gem was shown concurred in this estimation of its nature and value, whereupon the members of the party quietly started on another trip to Arizona, resolved to make a thorough exploration of the diamond-hearing ant hills which they had discovered in the land of the Apaches. The result of their last journey is not yet known.